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A
FEW
SONGS



By MARY M. CURRIER



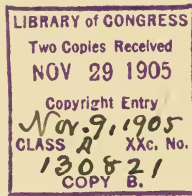
A FEW SONGS

BY

MARY M. CURRIER



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PREFACE.

As most of the poems included in this collection have appeared in newspapers and magazines a list of these periodicals, with titles of poems published by them, is given below. In this list are several periodicals whose contents are protected by copyright, and the courtesy of the publishers of these in allowing the use of their material is gratefully acknowledged by the author.

Good Housekeeping, "To the New Year," "April," "To a Whipporwill," "A Good Boy"; *Ladies' World*, "In Vacation Time," "Bert's Problem"; *Little Folks*, "Patriotic"; *Young Peoples' Weekly*, "The Guest," "Hail to the Pioneers," "The Thistle Inn"; *Sunday School Advocate*, "March, the Lion"; *Youth's Instructor*, "In April"; *Young Crusader*, "In the Garden," "The First Snowflakes"; *Young Idea*, "Field Lilies"; *Birds and Nature*, "Our Neighbors," "An October Snow Squall"; *Star Monthly*, "A Boy's Best Friend"; *Everywhere*, "At Dawn," "Thanksgiving's Near"; *Granite Monthly*, "Irene," "To a Robin," "Poet Songs"; *Northwest Magazine*, "On Laying Down a Volume of Keats'

Poems," "The Sisters"; *Lee's Magazine*, "Blue Eyes," "To a Cloud," "Bitter Memories"; *New England Homestead*, "When He Goes Courtin' Katie," "An Immortal Song"; *Town and Country*, "Souvenirs of a Summer," "At Molly's House"; *Woman's Tribune*, "Poetry and Love," "A Study in Green and Gold," "Born to Serve," "Wine and Water"; *Manchester Union*, "A Stormy Easter," "Spirit of Poetry," "Sonnet to Keats," "Along Towards Spring," "Up in the Pasture," "To An Italian Organ Grinder," "His Cup"; *Springfield Republican*, "Sin No More," "When Ephrum Hez the Blues"; *Boston Journal*, "Sailors' Thanksgiving Day," "Jugglery"; *Ram's Horn*, "Uncle 'Rastus' Thanksgiving," "What is Success?"; *Advance*, "October," "Helping Santa Claus"; *Zion's Herald*, "Snow Birds"; *Christian Intelligencer*, "An Easter Prayer"; *New York Observer*, "In the Beginning"; *Lutheran Observer*, "Kitty and I"; *Lutheran Evangelist*, "Sin"; *United Presbyterian*, "Life's Pearls"; *Contributor*, "Bon Voyage"; *Alabama Baptist*, "Strive With Me," "Work and Worship"; *Alabama Christian Advocate*, "The Good Time Coming"; *Congregational Record*, "Death's Choice," "Christmas and Easter"; *Plymouth Record*, "Lines Written for Old Home Day."

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A FEW SONGS.

OFFERINGS.

Into earth's treasury of song
We cast our offerings ;
And one a royal, priceless gift,
And one a pittance brings.

Thou with thy wondrous wealth of song,
I with my humble strain—
I give so little, and thou so much !
Why should I sing again ?

Beside earth's treasury of song
One sits who is divine.
He knows how rich and full thy life,
How empty this of mine.

A song from thee is like a leaf
From some well-watered tree ;
Gray bits of moss upon a rock
Are my few songs to me.

Into earth's treasury of song
Some of thy joy doth fall ;
And shall I add thereto my mite,
My mite that is my all ?

And if I do, O poet blest,
With laurel on thy brow,
Despise me not, but know thou well
I give far more than thou.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Firm as the mountains robed with snow,
Strong as the oaks that upon them grow,
Deep as the valleys far below,

Be the faith thou bringest, New Year.

Free, like the winds, from earthly care,
Fresh and clear as the wintry air,
High as the cloudlets, and as fair,

Be the hope thou bringest, New Year.

Warm as the fires that sparkle bright,
True as the stars that crown the night,
Pure as the snow, new-fallen, white,

Be the love thou bringest, New Year.

IN THE BEGINNING.

Primeval darkness hid the torpid deep ;
One was the earth and sea ;
All life was wrapped in ante-natal sleep,
Nor dreamed of what should be.

O waiting world ! thou knewest not that thou
Through age-long, starless night
Wast waiting for a breath upon thy brow,
And God's " Let there be light ! "

CHRISTMAS AND EASTER.

I.

“Peace on earth, good will to men,”
The angels sang
And, singing, passed beyond our ken
At earth’s first Christmastide;
But sweetly rang
Their holy music, wide,
And far, and long,
Until that song
Still echoed faint at Eastertide.

II.

“Peace on earth, good will to men.”
Earth caught the strain
Just ere it died away, and then
Once more that chorus rose.
Christ not in vain
Showed good will e’en to foes,
For Easter taught
This earth distraught
To sing the song that Heaven knows.

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Risen with Him may we be
At this blessed Easter-tide ;
From the sins that bound us, free,
Risen with Him may we be,
Ever with Him to abide.

From our prisons dark and cold
May the stones be rolled away.
In our prisons dark and cold
May men Love and Peace behold,
Shining angels, who shall say,

“ Not among the dead is he ;
Bear the blessed news abroad.
Jesus Christ hath made him free ;
Not among the dead is he,
He is risen with his Lord.”

A STORMY EASTER.

Gather, storm-clouds, dark and drear,
Doubting spirits, garbed in gloom ;
Weep like mourners at a bier
If ye will ; yet from the tomb
Christ is risen.

Chilling winds, though ye deny,
One with Jewish scribe and priest,
That no longer He doth lie
Bound by Death, He is released ;
Christ is risen.

Oh, slow-hearted to believe
In the Ever-living One !
While ye doubt and fear and grieve
His great triumph is begun !
Christ is risen !

AT DAWN.

I pause upon the threshold of this day
In which my tempted soul will yield to sin.
I stand unwilling yet to enter in
Where only God has been, and rudely lay
Upon His blessed work my hands of clay,
Defacing hours that beautiful have been—
Fair future hours—till now. Must I begin
To sully them while yet the morn is gray?

Not one of all the days through which my feet
Have passed has been at eventide still fair.
And each was, like this morning, pure and sweet
Until my stumbling footsteps echoed there.
Here I must pause before I enter in;
Ah, God! that we should spoil thy days with sin!

SIN.

Thou vandal from the wilds beyond our ken,
What dost thou in these temples rich and fair?
Thou dost descend upon the lives of men
And lay in waste whate'er is lovely there.

Thou wouldst destroy the temples that thy hand,
Ensanguined, heavy, violent, unskilled,
Can throw from the foundations where they stand,
But hath no cunning ever to rebuild.

“SIN NO MORE.”

What said he to me, “Go, and sin no more?”
It cannot be. Mine ears were dull with dread.
I crouched, expecting the impatient stone,
And prayed the first might free me from their scorn.
“Let but the stone be heavy, Lord,” I prayed,
“For I have sinned, and death for me is meet.”
But only God it was that knew I spake,
And it was well, for I spake but to Him.

But still they hesitated, and I heard
The sound of words between those men and him.
I heeded not, but to my fathers’ God
I looked for mercy, and to Him alone.
My blood was cold, and I began to hope
That I should scarcely feel the whirling stones
That soon would sink into my mangled brain,
And crush the last faint beat out of my heart.

But still they hesitated; and at last
I lifted up mine eyes, and they were gone!
God never did for faithful Abraham,
Nor for the righteous children of his blood
A miracle more wonderful than this.

And this was for a sinner that our law
Doth not allow to live. O God! O shame!
I scarcely felt the shame when those rude men
Through the long, staring street compelled my steps,
And brought me to this man who set me free.
Why should he save my life, or whence his right
To set one free whom Moses hath condemned?

But what said he to me, "Sin thou no more?"
How can it be that I should cease to sin?
He did not seem to me like other men,
Though scarce I noted either form or face.
The very air was full of love and power;
And when he said, "Go, woman, sin no more"—
For now his words come clearer to my mind—
It seemed like a command that all on earth
Could not be strong enough to disobey.

They say he is a teacher sent from God
As were the prophets in our fathers' days,
And that the winds and waves obey his voice.
They say he heals the lepers and the blind.
I never thought these things were true before,
But now I think they may, perhaps, be true.

Oh, what if he should be our own Messiah!
The same chill creeps along my frame as that
I felt when waiting for the stones to fall.
O God, it must not be so! What am I?

I would not have the Lord's Messiah come
And find me in this sin and wretchedness.
O that I might indeed sin never more!
O that I might behold that face again!
Not awe nor shame should keep mine eyes from his,
And if he be the Christ, it could not be
But that my sad, repentant soul would know.

THE GUEST.

Cares of life, away, away !
 Jesus is my guest.
Think ye that ye here can stay ?
Christ abides with me today,
 And he fills my breast.

Fears of life, depart, depart !
 Jesus is within.
Go your ways and leave my heart
Hushed and still in every part,
 Empty of your din.

Grief of life, pass softly by !
 Jesus sups with me.
Why shouldst thou approach me nigh ?
My beloved Guest and I
 Have no tears for thee.

IRENE.

Oh, silver glory of the moon's soft light,
White overflow of her calm loveliness,
Glimmer upon the dewy foliage,
Gleam upon the rivulet and the lake,
But rest not in full splendor till thou find
Pensive Irene, the pure, the beautiful !
Upon her graceful head thou mayest rest,
Above the fair, uplifted, dreamy brow ;
But come not near the eyes that dwell below
In blessed, fathomless tranquility,
For then thou wouldest break in upon a joy
That lieth there.

There are moments rare
That come to lives of innocence and love
When thought is ecstasy. The happy days
Of childhood know these moments, and the bright,
Unclouded, golden days of early youth.
Oh, bliss to look upon the summer fields,
The sea, the heavens, and on human life,
And feel one's self a blessed, loved part
Of all the good and great and beautiful
That make up the unbounded universe !

Oh, bliss in glad, harmonious accord
With Nature, and with Life to dwell, and feel
One's joyful spirit leap in music forth
At God's least, lightest touch ; and thus to be
A part, a necessary, holy part,
Of that great, infinitely-blessed hymn
That rises unto Him continually !

These periods of rapturous delight
Are but the common heritage of health
And purity in lad and maid. But few
Are they, who, through the suffering, the sin,
And the contention that are ours, bear on
Far into life a heart still lowly, true,
And pure enough to know such wild excess
Of joy and thankfulness.

One of the few
Was fair Irene. Not sinless was her soul,
But its faint, microscopic blots were such
As only made her dearer to her kind,
And not less precious unto God. She sat
Beside her window, open to the south,
And through it came the sweetness of those blooms
That sweeten with their fragrant lives the May.
Alone she sat, except for visitings
Of happy memories and happy hopes,
That came and went, and then returned again,
And once again, and ever hovered near
Even when farthest, like bright butterflies

About a flower. The beauty of the night
Had laid a deep enchantment on each sense,
And, stealing past the charmed ear and eye
Had crept into her heart; and there it found
Another beauty fairer than itself,
The many-petaled rose of matron love.

Her happiness grew deeper and more calm
As still she lingered in the perfumed light.
The distant notes of one lone nightingale
Rose from the wood, a liquid melody
Fount-like upspringing from the desert dim
Of silence round about her shadowed perch;
And Irene leaned far o'er the casement low
To catch the sound. "O Love," she murmured soft,
"Thou spirit that dost quicken all the earth,
And art the life of Heaven, how my soul
Doth worship thee!"

The nightingale passed on
Farther into the wooded west. The breeze
That fain would still have borne to Irene's ear
That longed-for strain, lost on the lengthened way
Those notes too frail and delicately-sweet,
And sank down, empty-handed, at her side.

And now the beauty of the summer night
Receded from the presence of that love
Within her heart, and love was there alone.
Six years Irene had known of matronhood,

Not perfect as they passed, but perfect now,
For, as the moonlight lends the common earth
A more than earthly beauty, so the light
Of love and fancy glinting on these years
Had given them a whiter radiance.
A vista of increasing happiness
From one far point extending to her feet
And ever broadening, these years now seemed.
Her memory tripped lightly down the smooth
Illumined way to that far point, then danced
As lightly and unfalteringly back
To where she stood. And Irene turned about
And looked upon the years that were to come,
And Hope tripped laughingly along this way
Till distance made her but a tiny speck,
And then she frolicked back to Irene's side.

"What is so sweet as loving?" breathed Irene.
"Not even being loved is half so sweet;
For mine own love I feel, a living joy
In mine own soul, but any other love,
Even my husband's, I can but believe,
Imagine to myself, and dream about."
And then her heart, with all its human love,
She lifted up to God in gratitude,
And love of God poured in upon that heart,
Commingleing with the love already there,
Until it overflowed with blissfulness.
"Dear as my dear ones are to me," she cried,

“ Still dearer art thou, Oh, thou Love Divine !
Thou perfect Whole, of which all nobleness,
All truth, all beauty, love and purity
Are only parts. Oh, what were love or life,
Without thy holy presence to pervade,
To harmonize and tranquilize it all ? ”

A filmy cloud that had been fluttering
Its way along across the sky, in haste
To reach the moon, like a great, white-winged moth
Striving to reach a flame, now slipped itself
Between the moon's clear light and the still earth,
Unsatiated yet with limpid beams.
The meadows, and the uplands, and the hills,
The trees, and flowers, and meek, unnoticed grass,
Grieved at this intermission of their joy,
But Irene scarcely felt the gentle shade
That rested for a moment on her face
Then passed away. The moon shone forth again
Encircling her with light, and driving back
To their own stations, distant and obscure,
The troop of little twinkling, froward stars
That had been venturing too near to earth.
Nature rejoiced once more, but fair Irene
Felt but that light divine within her soul,
And her deep, incommunicable peace.

BLUE EYES.

I saw such gentle, sweet blue eyes, for they
Were just like thine! And all my heart was glad
For half a moment, and my eager look
Hung on them till cold courtesy forbade.

And then my mood was changed, and I was grieved
To think those eyes so much like thine should be.
Until that moment I had never dreamed
That anyone could have such eyes but thee.

O sweet blue eyes, that have been wont to rest
Their trustful gaze upon these eyes of mine!
Though blue eyes are the sweetest and most true,
I would there were no eyes of blue but thine.

IS THIS AN AGE TOO GROSS FOR
POETRY?

Is this an age too gross for poetry?

Must we believe all hearts grown hard and cold

With ceaseless striving after place and gold?

Still, still the river ripples to the sea,

The daisy blossoms on the fragrant lea,

And sings the robin clearly, as of old.

Sweet themes for song still haunt the mere and
wold,

And earth's heart still is full of melody.

But must the poet henceforth sing in vain

If to his lips a song should find its way?

Will men no longer heed a tender strain

Stealing above the traffic of the day?

Not so. I hear a thousand voices strong:

"God send the singer! We will hear his song."

AN IMMORTAL SONG.

A poet labored carefully and long
On—as he trusted—an immortal song.
His little girl disturbed him with her play
And angrily he sent the child away.

The poem was completed, and forgot,
E'en by the poet's friends remembered not ;
But the harsh words the tender-hearted maid
Bore in her breast till she in dust was laid.

POETRY AND LOVE.

I.

He strove in song within the mead-hall old
That rang with lays of minstrels gay and bold ;
But vainly he within that mead-hall strove.
They said, " He cannot sing ; he does not love."

II.

I hoped to sing, but all my strength of will
In vain was spent ; my notes were tuneless still.
When lo ! a voice descended from above :
" Thou canst not sing because thou dost not love."

III.

It is decreed. The word for aye shall stand.
God hath the mandate written with His hand :
" Under whatever skies ye dwell, or rove,
Ye shall not sing except the heart doth love."

POET SONGS.

Each poet has his own sweet song,
As have the birds that sing ;
Distinctive notes to each belong
That from their natures spring.

Great Milton, from the world apart,
In darkness and alone,
His bosom thorn-pierced, thrills the heart
With Philomela's tone.

Like the bird with the crimson breast
That shares our humble life
Is Wordsworth, cheerful, self-possessed,
Singing of common strife.

But, Shelley, what is like to thee,
Ethereal and strong ?
Is the lark, that we may not see
Although we hear its song ?

ON LAYING DOWN A VOLUME OF KEATS'
POEMS.

Bright soul of Keats, that like a sun doth shine,
 Illumining thy hills and valleys fair,
 And filling all thy world with splendor rare,
Meseems, as now I close this book of thine,
A tender twilight, beautiful, benign,
 Creeps up thy wooded Latmus, fills thine air,
 Thy lawn and dewy garlands doth not spare,
But veils them as sweet incense veils a shrine.

Bright soul of Keats ! I fain would linger here
 In this soft twilight of a master mind.
It is a time to dreams and visions dear—
 A time for joys delicious, unconfined.
A golden glow rests on the soul and heart ;
Let me keep silence till the gleam depart.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Spirit of Poetry, where dost thou dwell?
In the heart of a tinted ocean shell,
In the white sea foam, in a cavern deep
Where beautiful jewels in secret sleep?
Or hast thou thy home on the mountain side
Where thou in the depths of the wood dost hide?
Faint traces of thee I have sometimes seen
Where the river winds through the meadow green,
And sometimes meseems that a lily bell
Doth say to my soul it hath known thee well,
And the fair, white clouds of the summer sky
Have oft to me hinted that thou wast nigh.
I have felt the spell of thy presence bright
When the dew-drops shone in the morning light,
And thou hast come at the close of the day
When the snowflakes fell in the gloaming gray.
But, beautiful spirit, spirit of power,
Eternal, elusive, where is thy bower?
Or pervadest thou all—earth, sea and air—
And being a spirit art everywhere?

TO AN ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDER.

I.

No more the troubadour his tender lay
Sighs forth. No more the gentle minstrel old
Subdues to tears the baron stern and cold,
With harp that echoes through the castle gray;
But thou, survivor of a perished day,
A younger brother, venturesome and bold,
Of these musicians art, Pietro, I hold,
That to the heart of strangers findest way.
Thy life would read like some forgotten tale,
Some legend old, or page of mild romance.
What led thy feet to this secluded vale
So far from home and kindred? Was it chance,
Or some strong purpose, or a vague unrest
That made thee journey onward toward the west?

II.

Hast thou seen Rome? Hast thou seen Naples
fair,

Or Venice rising ghostlike from the sea?

And is the Po or Arno known to thee?

Perhaps where flows the Tiber dusky, bare

Of foot, and capless, thou didst unaware

Sport upon sacred soil in childish glee,

And hills and valleys long revered by me

Have been to thee as common as the air.

Alas, what beauty thou hast left behind!

Bright skies that comforted the soul of Keats,

Delightful shades where Shelley's troubled mind

Laid down its disappointments and defeats.

Bold minstrel, who the raging sea hath crossed,

What can repay thee for what thou hast lost?

SONNET TO KEATS.

O Keats, I was not half so sad at sight
Of that great ruin which alone remains
Black, mossless, ivyless, upon those plains
Where lately stood the hope that I should write
Fair lines, immortal in their beauty white,
(And yet not I, but God, who no more deigns
To work through me) before I saw the fanes
And temples reared in beauty by thy might !
I had so many griefs, and griefs so deep,
That to this loss I gave too small a place.
But thy verse makes me o'er my ruin weep.
O Muse, once loved, hide, hide thy mocking face !
Alas, my hope, that cannot be fulfilled !
Why did my feeble hands begin to build ?

ONE OF YOUTH'S HOPES.

A hope of my youth came floating on
Athwart these ashen skies,
A hope as bright as a crimson cloud
Touched by the sunset's dyes.

A radiant guest, for a moment's space
It poised itself in view,
And I stood with hands outstretched to greet
This hope that once I knew.

But lo! these masses of hopeless gray
That hang above my head,
Quenched it as ashes choke out a flame,
And left it pale and dead.

Alas, fair hope of my youth, that thou
To these sad days did'st come!
Thou hast perished under alien skies,
A wanderer far from home.

WINE AND WATER.

How can I taste this water, I whose lip
Hath touched thy precious, life-renewing wine?
A scorn o'erflows from these wronged lips of mine
That floods my face. How pale, how meek doth
drip
From brimming cup, and trembling finger tip,
This liquid! Once thou did'st by word of thine
Make wine of such as this. O Power Divine,
Transform this ere my mouth reluctant sip!

Nay, Lord, forgive. The wine of former days
Is quaffed, and emptied cup aside is cast;
But shall my heart forget to render praise
For blessings, though the blessings now be past?
Shall I not humbly this thy gift upraise
Though water, not wine, cometh to me last?

HIS CUP.

He quaffed
Life's bitterest draught
 With such a grace
 That, seeing his face,
(He laughed !)
 One coward base
 In his own place
Began to repine :
" Would that cup were mine ! "

BITTER MEMORIES.

I locked a chamber in my heart and said,
Turning away from the strong oaken door,
“Imprisoned thoughts, ye shall escape no more.
Ye are to me as are the vanished dead.
No more my cheek shall whiten at your tread
Sounding at night upon the polished floor ;
No more your feet shall pass this threshold o’er
And bring you to my rest-forsaken bed.”

Long were they pent within that prison chill.
I looked not on them, nor approached them near.
I shunned that chamber dark, remote, and drear.
At last I passed the door and all was still.
“Remorseless Time,” I said, “doth all things kill.”
I turned the key. “None but the dead are here ;”
When from that cell, with mockery and jeer,
Lo, forth they came, undying spirits ill !

WORK AND WORSHIP.

Lord, let me work in this great world of thine.

Whether it be thy will success to send,

Or failure, when the long day's work shall end,
I shall grow strong by working, Power divine.

This blest reward, if no more, will be mine.

And let sweet worship with my labor blend,

As over my appointed task I bend,

Till earth's work and its worship I resign.

O Work and Worship, like a youth and bride

Are ye, united in one blessed whole !

Work faints without fair Worship at his side,

And Worship fails, alone, to reach her goal.

Come, I entreat, and lovingly abide

With me till ye have perfected my soul.

BORN TO SERVE.

Born to serve—not a wretched crew,
Drudges, and serfs, and slaves,
Toiling aye for the favored few
Who weep not on their graves ;

Born to serve—not alone the great,
The gifted, good, and wise,
Whose words may change a nation's fate,
In whom the world's hope lies ;

But born to serve are one and all,
Each in the way he can.
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Fit into God's great plan.

And each receives, and each must give,
Serving with hand or brain.
To serve is honestly to live.
We are not born to reign.

Then to the world, as best we may,
Glad tribute let us bring.
We are but workers for a day.
We rule not. God is king.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Yes, we know the good time's coming
When the right shall conquer wrong,
But, my brother and my sister,
Are you helping it along?

That bright day in all its beauty
Out of skies of cloudless blue
Forth will shine, but, friend and neighbor,
Hastens it because of you?

Many pray, "Be thine the kingdom,"
Many pray, "Thy kingdom come,"
While their acts, that should speak louder
Than their words of prayer, are dumb.

Much is done, but much is waiting
Still for willing hands to do;
Though the victory is coming,
'Twill delay for lack of you.

Up, then! work with God's true-hearted,
Hastening that blessed dawn;
For the good time that is coming
Needs us all to help it on.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success, the winning of much gold?

Perhaps, if it be won in honesty ;
But he who, striving after higher things,
Dies poor, may equally successful be.

What is success, the winning of a name?

It may be, if the record shows no spot ;
Yet he may be successful who is true
Although he pass from earth to be forgot.

What is success, the winning of great power?

It may be, if while great power one doth seek,
He still respects the rights of other men,
And tramples not upon the low and weak.

What is success ? Not wealth, nor fame, nor power,

But purity of heart, and love, and truth ;
And honest work well done for God and man.
Success like this be yours, ambitious youth !

LIFE'S PEARLS.

In the sea of Duty lie life's pearls,
Shining, and pure, and white.
Above them billows forever roll,
And hide them from our sight.

Then into the sea of Duty plunge ;
Abide not on the shore ;
For in that sea are lovelier gems
Than ever princess wore.

Yea, into the sea of Duty plunge ;
Fear not the surging brine ;
And strength and usefulness, joy, and peace,
These pearls shall all be thine.

STRIVE WITH ME.

Come, strive with me in holy things,
Forego the strifes of earth.
Unworthy they to claim the strength
Of souls of heavenly birth.

Come, strive with me for gentleness,
For patience, and for love.
Seek thou, along with me, that peace
That cometh from above.

Come, be my rival in the race
For goodness, not for gold.
Cast off the weight that holds thee back
And press on swift and bold.

For wealth and fashion, praise, and power
Men with each other vie ;
But, lo ! all these shall pass away
Like cloudlets in the sky.

Come, strive with me in holy things,
Forego the strifes of earth.
Eternity alone will show
What Christ-likeness is worth.

DEATH'S CHOICE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Death, queen of the world, on a certain date
Assembled her courtiers below.
To choose a prime minister, tales relate,
Was the cause of the concourse splendid and great,
And his duty should be to make grow
More populous still her flourishing state.

The candidates offered for this employ
From the depths of Tartarus rose.
Fever, well skilled in the art to destroy,
War, who of mortals makes only a toy—
Earth, as well as the lower world, knows
Their fitness, and both were greeted with joy.

Then Pestilence followed without delay.
His genius no one could despise.
Death, undecided, knew not what to say;
But soon the Vices appeared on the way,
And the moment they met her eyes
She chose Intemperance from the array.

HAIL TO THE PIONEERS.

A SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Hail, hail to thee, my country,
Land of the brave and free!
Hail to the men and women
That caused these joys to be!
We, with our peace and plenty,
The fruit of toilsome years,
Shout, on this day of glory,
Hail to the pioneers!

The men that cleared the forests,
And built log cabins rude,
The wives that shared the hardships
Of toil and solitude,
We, in our peace and plenty,
Recall with love and tears
On our fair country's birthday—
Hail to the pioneers!

The pioneers, unflinching,
Of later days we hail,
Pioneers in the wilds of thought,
Whose courage did not fail!
Founders of institutions,
Upholders of the right,
Reformers brave, and leaders
From darkness into light.

Hail, hail to thee, my country,
Land of the true in heart !
Hail to the men and women
That made thee what thou art !
All honor to these heroes !
Fill Heaven's dome with cheers,
Thou blessed, happy nation.
Hail to the pioneers !

ALONG TOWARDS SPRING.

When the sky puts on a deeper blue,
And water drips from the sun-haunted eaves,
The heart o' Winter's broken ; he must die
And give place to the grass and flowers and leaves.
And though in desperation he should call
On winds that whistle and on frosts that sting,
He cannot daunt us longer, for we know
The worst is over ; it 's along towards spring.

When the willow tree sends out of doors
Her little brood, soft-garmented in fur,
The heart o' Winter's broken ; he must die,
However he may linger and demur.
And though for one last effort to our gates
His strongest reënforcements he should bring,
He cannot win the battle, and we know
His reign is over ; it 's along towards spring.

MARCH, THE LION.

March was a lion, fierce-hearted and bold ;
The breath of his mouth was a blast of cold.

The pine trees shook at his terrible roar ;
The children came in and shut fast the door.

But a robin sang, high up in a tree,
The sweetest of all his sweet songs sang he ;

And a sunbeam gently his head caressed,
And a breeze blew softly out of the west,

And little by little, and day by day,
The wrath of the lion melted away,

Till, lamblike, he stood by the cottage door,
And the children came out to play once more.

APRIL.

Just a few white clouds in heaven,
Just a few white clouds below,
Where, in sheltered lanes and hollows,
Lingers yet the drifted snow ;
And upon the southern hillside,
Low, and sloping to the sun,
Little isles of verdure smiling
Where the springtime is begun.

IN APRIL.

Soft on the hillside and on the plain
Falls the sunshine of spring again ;
The snowdrifts vanish ; the robins call
Cheerily down from the maples tall ;
The grass shows green on the sunny slope,
And the hearts of the flowers begin to hope.

TO A ROBIN.

Robin, robin, I am glad
That thy bird-heart is not sad.
Human hearts, this sunny spring,
Often are too sad to sing,
Though the little brooklets play,
Flinging high the crystal spray ;
Though the hills, and vales between,
Deck themselves with fairest green ;
Though the sweet, refreshing breeze
Shakes the cradles in the trees
Where the leaf-buds lie asleep,
Waking them from slumber deep.
Robin, robin, I am glad
That thy bird-heart is not sad,
That thy heart is true and free,
And thou art not, like to me,
These bright, sunny days of spring,
Too forspent and sad to sing.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Swallows have builded a home in the barn,
Robins nest in the old apple-tree,
Pewees dwell happily under the porch,—
Who has better neighbors than we?

IN THE GARDEN.

When we 're down in the garden, Jane
Plays she lives in Strawberry Lane,
In a little cottage, white and green,
Quite the cosiest ever seen.
And pretty, dainty Marguerite
Lives in a flat on Currant Street ;
And Jessie, with the eyes of blue,
Lives on Celery Avenue ;
And I live in a cottage neat
Just at the end of Radish Street.

We play the garden is a town
With streets across, and up and down,
And I go down on Currant Street
To call on pretty Marguerite ;
Or Jessie goes to call on Jane
In pleasant, quiet Strawberry Lane ;
Or, maybe, all of us will go
A-shopping in Tomato Row ;
And oh ! the lovely things we buy,
Jessie, Marguerite, Jane and I.

FIELD LILIES.

Lily cup and lily bell,
Which is fairer, who can tell?
In the fragrant, half-mown field,
By the grass almost concealed,
Cups of red and bells of gold
Under sunny skies unfold.
Alice loves the cups the best,
And she hugs them to her breast.
But our little blue-eyed Nell
Fondly loves the lily bell.
She has all her arms will hold
Of the swinging bells of gold.
Lily cup and lily bell,
Which is fairer, who can tell?

UP IN THE PASTURE.

Up in the dear old pasture, where the sweet, wild
berries grow,

O that is where I long to be today !

Up where the winding cow-path through the alders
used to go,

I fain would take my solitary way.

And on the sunny hillside, by the old half-ruined
wall,

I'd find the luscious berries ripe and red ;

'T was there they always used to grow, the sweetest
ones of all,

In those bright days of childhood that are fled.

Up in the dear old pasture, where the sweet, wild
berries grew,

I wonder if they're growing there today.

I wonder if those bending skies have still their
matchless blue,

And if cloud-shadows o'er those mountains stray.

If still the berries ripen there beside the sunken
wall,

The creatures of the woodland there may feast.

No fears will be awakened in their timid bosoms
small ;

My rambles after berries there have ceased.

Up in the dear old pasture, where the sweet, wild
berries grow,
O that is where I long to be today !
Up where the narrow cow-path through the alders
used to go,
I fain would take my solitary way.
I'd fill my pail with berries, and with joy I'd fill my
breast,
And as the golden sun was sinking low,
I would come back down the hillside, a child care-
free and blest,
And find the dear old home of long ago.

TO A CLOUD.

Island of white in the azure sea,
Unto thy harbor I fain would flee.
Softly and lightly my little boat
Safe sheltered by thy white shores would float ;
The low-voiced waves of the azure bay
Would sing me to sleep at the close of day,
And beautiful dreams through all the night
Would sweeten my peaceful slumbers light.
Nothing unlovely can dwell in thee,
Island of white in the azure sea.
Peace with her wide-spread pinions white
Over thee hovers by day and night.
Lo, I am weary of earth's unrest !
Beautiful isle of the tranquil west,
Swan-white isle of the azure sea,
Unto thy harbor I fain would flee.

JUGGLERY.

A bowl-shaped gap in the mountains high
Shows clearly against the eastern sky,
And out of this bowl the unseen hand
Of a conjurer, on the mountain grand,
Takes wonderful things by day and night,
Amazing all who behold the sight.
A pass of his hand and bright and clear
He makes the rim of a moon appear ;
Then lo ! before the astonished eye
Arises a full moon in the sky.
And blazing suns, and many a star,
Come from that magical bowl afar ;
And cloudlets snowy and light and free,
And storm-clouds wild, mysteriously
He draws from the bowl set firm and high
Between the mountains, against the sky.
Invisible juggler, with what skill
Thou takest out and thou dost not fill !
Oh, who is a conjurer like to thee ?
Where is more wonderful jugglery ?

TO A WHIPPOORWILL.

Watchman whippoorwill, what of the night?
What dost thou see by the pale moon's light?
What dost thou hear? Oh, whippoorwill, tell;
Far in the woods is it well, is it well?

From thy green watch tower all the night long
Faithfully soundeth thy signal song.
What art thou saying to hill and dell?
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, is it well?

Soundly the birds of the wildwood sleep,
For they trust that thou true watch wilt keep.
Where all the folk of the woodland dwell
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, is it well?

IN VACATION TIME.

Faint rumors and whisperings now and then
Come to me here in the heart of the glen.
I have heard it hinted that far away
Are people that hurry the livelong day ;
That mills are running with jar and din,
That nimble shuttles fly out and in ;
That engines are puffing and laden trains
Climb up the hills and speed over the plains ;
That the streets afar are filled with a throng
That pushes and elbows and hastens along ;
But lying here under the limpid blue
I cannot believe that these things are true.

I hear there are vessels upon the sea—
Or, perhaps, it 's a dream that comes to me ;
And sometimes a vision mine eyes behold
Of notes and bonds and of silver and gold ;
But quickly it passes, and in its place
I see but the wild flower's delicate face.
No longer I care for whisperings low,
Or for dreams and visions that come and go.
There are tricksy sprites in this rugged glen,
And they tell strange tales to wandering men,
But gazing into the beautiful blue
I know that these stories cannot be true.

BON VOYAGE.

“Bon voyage, bon voyage!” the ship sails away.
We flourish our kerchiefs, “God keep you!” we pray.
We return to the office, the store and the mill,
But our hearts are with the good, gallant ship still.
For us is no Paris, no London, no Rhine,
But our hearts hold a happiness, deep, divine;
Though only our everyday skies bend above,
More broadening even than travel is love.

THE THISTLE INN.

Weary butterflies and bees,
Rest ye here and take your ease.
Sinking is the golden sun,
This bright, happy day is done.
I have hoards of honey sweet
For my little guests to eat ;
I have cups to hold the dew
That the night will bring to you ;
I have soft and downy beds
For your sleepy little heads.

Weary butterflies and bees,
Rest ye here and take your ease.
Many guests have rested here
While the stars were shining clear,
And when daybreak from the skies
Beckoned to them to arise,
Cheerily they flew away
To their work and to their play.
Weary butterflies and bees,
Rest ye here and take your ease.

THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE.

It stands aloof from the common way
Where the folks go up and down ;
It keeps its pride and its dignity,
Though its walls are stained and brown.
Alone it stands with its hopeless grief,
Deserted, decaying, old ;
Around it the timid breezes play,
And revel the storm-winds bold.

The lilac bushes beside the wall
Still bud and bloom as of yore,
But the cherry trees heed not the spring,
And they feed the bees no more.
The well with its weather-beaten sweep
Slumbers on from year to year ;
Unrippled its waters rest, save when
Strays thither a leaflet sere.

No fires are kindled within the house,
No candle sends forth its gleam,
But upon the western windows still
Falls the sun's departing beam ;
And the small, half-shattered panes flame back
With their old-time fiery red,
A light to pilot returning ghosts
That come when the day is dead.

OCTOBER.

October is Nature's thoughtful time;
She muses and is still.
A peaceful hush is on the plain,
The upland, and the hill.
The strife and passion of the year
Is o'er, and calm and blest
She looks back on the days that were,
And forward unto rest.

THE SISTERS.

WRITTEN FOR WENTWORTH GRANGE AND READ
CERES' NIGHT, 1899.

Flora crowns her head with garlands,
Roses sweet, and lilies fair ;
Blossoms bright adorn the mantle
That the lovely maid doth wear.
In her hand she carries flowers,
And where'er she trips in mirth
Blossoms spring up in her footsteps,
Over all the smiling earth.

Glad Pomona, plump and ruddy,
Sits beneath an apple tree,
And her lap is full of apples,
And her hair is floating free.
In her hand she holds a basket
Heaped with peach and plum and pear,
And the autumn leaves fall 'round her,
Fair as she, but not more fair.

But sweet Ceres on the upland,
Plucks a spray of ripened wheat,
And adorns her tresses with it,
And she singeth clear and sweet.
All among the oats and barley,
And the golden corn she strays,
And the harvest moon, enchanted,
Lingers near to dream and gaze.

Ceres fills our garner for us,
And in sunshine and in rain
Guards the tender plants and ripens
For our use the precious grain.
Flora brings us buds and blossoms,
Pomona brings fruits rich and sweet,
But Ceres, wise and bountiful,
Brings to us the corn and wheat.

Then we 'll sing a song to Ceres,
Best belovéd of the three.
On the breeze it shall be wafted
To the field where she may be.
To the hills it shall be echoed,
It shall float along the plain,
And she 'll pause, and she will hear it,
All amid the golden grain.

A STUDY IN GREEN AND GOLD.

A thick grove of pines with its deep, rich green,
Stands back from my cottage a little way,
And before it rises a maple tall,
Pure gold in the light of the autumn day.
I sit by my door and I lift mine eyes
To the wondrous tree and the pine grove old,
And my heart gives thanks for the Artist's gift,
This beautiful study in green and gold.

THE CARNIVAL OF THE TREES.

Beeches and birches, in russet clad,
And maples in red and gold,
Are masquerading on yonder hill,
Keeping the revels of old.

Great maple, gay in a crimson robe,
'Tis carnival time, I see,
And wild is the mood and light the heart
Of every bush and tree.

Bedeck yourselves fantastically,
Be merry while yet you may ;
'T will soon be Lent upon yonder hill,
And Lent in the heavens gray.

Farewell, farewell to the summer sun,
To the rain and gentle dew ;
These are the meats and the mellow wines
That are well beloved by you.

Farewell to the world, for Lent is near ;
To the winds your bright robes fling.
Soberly, solemnly, keep your Lent,
Till comes the Easter of spring.

AFTER THE HARVEST.

The hay and the grain is gathered in,
The apples are stored away ;
The fields are barren and brown and still
All the tranquil autumn day.

No stir enlivens the quiet scene,
No sound of frolic or fun ;
No laughter comes from the orchard now,
The work of the year is done.

I only see in the silent fields
The gleaners, the peaceful kine,
Gathering patiently what they may,
In the mellow, mild sunshine.

THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES.

A desolate, dull, low-bending sky,
And a bare, brown, frozen earth ;
Bleakness and barrenness everywhere,
And never a hint of mirth.

But look ! From the gray and gloomy sky
To the earth forlorn and drear,
The soft, white, beautiful snowflakes come,
Each with a message of cheer.

AN OCTOBER SNOW SQUALL.

With a whirl and a scud, from the windy North,
Come the snowflakes thick and fast.
The air is alive with white fluttering forms,
Borne on by the wintry blast.
And a whitish-gray curtain whose warp and woof
Are the mingled snowflakes small,
Reaches down from the sky and sways in the wind,
Concealing and darkening all.

Now more swiftly and wildly the snowflakes whirl,
More fiercely the wind sweeps by ;
Snow white is the roof of the cottager's house,
Gray streaks on the brown fields lie ;
But look ! the wind drives the thick curtain away,
The white hills come into view ;
And the sky appears with its dun, ragged clouds,
And its one bright spot of blue.

SNOW BIRDS.

No leaves are left on the apple tree small
That stands in the garden close by the wall,
But I heard a fluttering there just now
Like the rustling of leaves upon a bough,
And I ran to the door in haste to see
What was going on in the apple tree.
And there I was met by a sweet surprise,
For what do you think was before my eyes?
Leaves trembling and rustling and thick once more,
Covered the glad little apple tree o'er ;
Numberless leaves, and the pear tree had none,
And neither the elm nor the larch had one ;
Little live leaves,—but not long did they stay.
Whir went their wings and they all flew away !

THANKSGIVING'S NEAR.

What a smell is in the house
Of everything that's nice !
Pies and puddings, cookies, cakes,
Jelly and fruit and spice.
There's no need of calendars
To tell the time o' the year,
For the kitchen—bless my nose !
Says that Thanksgiving's near.

Just look at the pantry shelves !
I'll open sly the door.
Tell me if you ever saw
So much to eat before.
There's no need of almanacs
To tell the time o' the year,
For the pantry—bless my eyes !
Says that Thanksgiving's near.

What a joy is in the house !
What thoughts of those to come !
What a love will welcome all
Back to the dear old home !
We do n't need a calendar
To tell the time o' the year ;
Mother's glad face—bless her heart !
Says that Thanksgiving's near.

WHO DRESSED THE BABY?

Little stockings wrong side out,
Little trousers turned about,—
Paul and Philip raise a shout,
 “Do come and see the baby!”

Christine stares in mild surprise,
Sweet nurse Christine, true and wise ;
Mamma reads in her blue eyes,
 “ I did n't dress the baby.”

Where's the rogue ? Who can he be ?
Even grandpa comes to see
What's the matter with his wee
 Little man, the baby.

Grandpa's eyes are getting dim,
Things do n't look quite clear to him ;
He peers o'er his glasses' rim ;
 He knows who dressed the baby.

Little trousers turned about—
Oh, I see ! the secret's out ;
There 's no longer any doubt ;
 Grandpa dressed the baby.

MOODS.

“ I wuz feelin’ kind o’ bluish.
 ’Twuz one o’ them lonesome days
That comes along ’fore we ’ve fairly
 Gut used ter winter’s ways,
When the sun gits tired o’ shinin’
 Before the day’s half done,
An’ er feller ’d give er doller
 Fer ten cents’ worth o’ fun.

“ I wuz feelin’ kind o’ bluish,
 Fer I had n’t much ter do.
Bein’ ’twixt the fall an’ winter
 The harvestin’ wuz through.
An’ Jane had gone a-visitin’,
 An’ the children wuz ter school,
An’ I wuz mopin’ round the place
 An’ feelin’ like er fool.

“ I wuz feelin’ kind o’ bluish,
 Fer everything went wrong.
I wuz glad ter see the sun leave
 An’ take the day along.
I started off ter do the chores
 An’ I see the children comin’,
An’ ’fore I knew it there I wuz
 A-whistlin’ an’ a-hummin’ !

“ Wall, pritty soon my chores wuz done,
An’ Jane wuz gittin’ supper,
An’ Meg an’ Bill wuz full o’ yarns
That they must tell ter papa,
An’ Jane wuz reelin’ off the news
That Ann Mari hed told ’er,
An’ Meg wuz hangin’ on my knee
An’ teasin’ me ter hold ’er.

“ The lamp wuz lit, the fire burned bright,
The tea-kittle wuz singin’,
An’ er lot o’ shadders on the wall
Wuz a-dancin’ an’ a-springin’;
The old gray cat wuz on the rug
All curled up in er heap,
An’ in his corner laid the dog,
But land ! he could n’t sleep.

“ There wa’ n’t a thing that looked ter me
As it hed two hours before ;
An’ if you ’d come along jest then
An’ stepped inside the door,
I ’ll bet my hat thet you ’d ’a’ thought
That I wuz fairly daft
Ter seen the way I kerried on
An’ laughed, an’ laughed, an’ laughed ! ”

WHEN HE GOES COURTIN' KATIE.

“ Our hired man wears the worst ol' clo'es
When he 's erbout 'is work.
You 'd never in yer life suppose
That 'e would primp an' perk.
But you do n't know 'im ; you jes' wait
Till evenin' comes, fer Jim
Will fix up then as sure as fate.
You 'd say it was n't him
When he goes courtin' Katie.

“ All day 'e wears a faded pair
Of overalls, an' he
Do n't never seem ter know nor care
What lookin' things they be ;
An' all 'is other workin' clo'es
Are fit ter match with these ;
But you jes' watch 'im when 'e goes
A-courtin', if yer please,
Some evenin', courtin' Katie !

“ He aint none too particular
Erbout the way 'e plows,
An' 'e don't take such pains as pa
With the hens, an' pigs, an' cows.
Pa hez ter keep around in sight
Ter know what he 's erbout ;

But there 's some things that Jim do n't slight
When he 's a-goin' out
A-courtin'— courtin' Katie.

“ He hez ter shave, an' black 'is shoes,
An' brush 'is coat an' hat,
An' its an awful job ter choose
His tie, an' put on that.
Cologne's the last thing ; then you 'll see
Him start, a little red,
But spick an' span as 'e can be,
An' holdin' high 'is head.
He's proud o' goin' ter Katie's.

“ He 's kind o' slow erbout 'is work ;
He do n't git round like pa.
But then he do n't exactly shirk ;
He 's better 'n some men are.
But when he 's 'fraid that he 'll be late
Ter Katie's, do n't yer know,
You'd ought ter see 'im strike a gait !
He 's anything but slow
When he goes courtin' Katie.”

SOUVENIRS OF A SUMMER.

The summer days are gone, and I,
In town, my pleasures o'er,
Before I lay these treasures by
Must look at them once more.

A blue print of a little brook,
A snap-shot of her face,—
This very stealthily I took,—
A glove, a bit of lace;

These are the things I brought away,
Relics of days that were.
But when she went home, Doris gay
Carried my heart with her.

AT MOLLY'S HOUSE.

When I take tea at Molly's house,—
I say it with regret,—
I scarcely notice who is there,
And what they say and what they wear
I speedily forget.

When I take tea at Molly's house
The only one I see
Is Molly sitting there demure ;
And of but one thing I am sure,—
That Molly smiles at me.

When I take tea at Molly's house
This, only, I would say :
“ Sweet Molly, come and pour the tea,
And sweeten it with smiles for me
At my house every day.”

WHEN EPHRUM HEZ THE BLUES.

“When Ephrum hez the blues he ’s awful blue.
If ’twa’n’t fer me, I do’ know what he’d do.
He ’s blue all over, like a cloudless sky,
An’ he ’s blue clear through, like a blueb’r’y pie.

“An’ sech idees as he gits in ’is head!
He fairly worries himself sick abed.
‘Nothin’s right, an’ it aint a-goin’ ter be;
What ’s the use o’ tryin’ ter live?’ sez ’e.

“But, land! I speak up to ’im kind o’ brisk,
An’ bustle round a-givin’ things a whisk,—
Not doin’ much, but makin’ lots o’ stir,
An’ tellin’ ’im things aint so bad ’s they were,

“Not by a long sight; an’, through thick and thin,
I keep it up, an’ never once give in;
An’ by an’ by he comes out good as new,
An’ nobody ’d mistrust that he ’d been blue.

“What? Am I ever blue myself, you say?
Oh, yes, I sometimes hev a real blue day;
But you don’t think, I hope, I ’m sech a dunce
As ter hev me an’ him both blue ter once!”

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND.

“ ‘A boy's best friend is mother,’
Sometimes I hear folks say.
I s'pose these people know a lot ;
They think so, anyway.
I aint a-goin' ter doubt 'em,
But one thing I ken see ;
If she 's my best friend, gran'ma
Is second best ter me.

“ Sometimes my mother 's busy,
An' sometimes she is cross,
But gran'ma's never either,—
I tell you she 's jest boss !
There aint nobody like 'er ;
She 's good as she ken be ;
An' I 'll stan' up fer gran'ma,
Fer she stan's up fer me.

“ Of course my mother loves me,
I know that she 's my friend,
But gran'ma is another,
Whatever folks pretend.
And which one is my best friend
Is more than I ken see,
But, anyway, my gran'ma
Is good enough fer me.”

A GOOD BOY.

“ Has little Fred been good today ? ”

I asked, as on my knee
He sat, his head upon my breast,
And thus he answered me :

“ O, pretty good, but once or twice
I pulled the kitten’s tail,
An’ I hurted me on our ol’ sink,
A-fishin’ in er pail.

“ I left my steamboat on the stairs,
An’ Bridget smashed it bad
A-fallin’ on it ; an’ I cried,
Fer I was awful mad.

“ I wet my feet, an’ lost my hat,
An’ had a fight with Ted,
But I ’ve been pretty good today,
Fer that ’s what mamma said.

“ O, I forgot—I run away
To see a lot er men
A-layin’ pipe ; an’ they was cross,
An’ I come home again.

“ An’ it scared mamma most to death
Ter hev me gone, you know ;
But I ’ve been pretty good today,
Fer mamma told me so.

“ I haint been good ter Baby Bess,
Not all the time,” quoth Fred ;
“ But, papa, I ’ve been *pretty* good,
Fer that ’s what mamma said.”

My honest Fred ! I kissed his brow.
Dear, erring, little sprite !
His standard seems a little queer,
But maybe he is right.

When mamma says that he is good
I must believe ’t is so,
No matter what his pranks may be,
For does n’t mamma know ?

BERT'S PROBLEM.

“Does your ma love you all the time?”

Said little Bert to Ned.

“My ma, she loves me quite er lot

When it's time to go to bed;

She tucks me in all nice an' warm,

An' kisses me good-night;

But she do n't love me all the time,

An' I do n't think it's right.

“She loves me some when Christmas comes,

An' gives me lots er stuff;

She loves me on my birthday, too;

I like that well enough;

An' once I happened to git hurt,

An' then you never see

A feller git so hugged an' kissed

An' waited on as me.

“But she do n't love me all the time,

Sometimes she scolds like fun,

An' sez of all the boys she knows

I'm just the worstest one.

An' she won't let me do er thing

I want ter. Do you know

Of anybody else's ma

That treats er feller so?

“ Why can’t she love me all the time—
That’s what I’d like to know—
An’ give me things, an’ let me go
Jest where I want ter go?
An’ let me do jest what I like,
An’ always hev er smile?
Does your ma love you all the time,
Or only once ’n er while? ”

UNCLE 'RASTUS' THANKSGIVING.

“ Dar’s er heap o’ t’ings ter pray for,
But I’se gwine ter let ’em go
Fer terday, an’ jes’ be t’ankful
Dat de Lord hab blessed me so ;
Dar’s er heap o’ t’ings dat’s crooked,
But I’se gwine ter let ’em be
Till I think erbout de blessin’s
Dat de Lord hab sent ter me.

“ Dar’s ben blessin’s fer de body,
Dar’s ben blessin’s fer de soul ;
God’s ben good ter me an’ Dinah,
Dough we’s poor an’ growin’ ol.
Dar is vittles in de cubbud,
An’ dar’s chickens in de shed,
An’ I’se gut er good ol’ banjo
Hangin’ up beside de bed.

“ Dar’s er heap o’ t’ings dat Dinah
Is a-wantin’, I’ve no doubt,
An’ er heap dat Uncle ’Rastus
Jest hab gut ter do widout ;
But I aint a-gwine ter count ’em,
Fer I reckon ’t would be wrong,
When we’ve ’gut so many blessin’s
Dat de Lord hab sent erlong.

“ Dar is days ernuff a-comin’
When er man ken set an’ sigh
Ober t’ings dat need er fixin’
If ’e lets dis day go by
Widout takin’ notice ob ’em,
An’ I’s gwine ter keep dis day
Jest a-thinkin’ o’ de blessin’s
Dat de Lord hab sent my way.”

THE SAILORS' THANKSGIVING DAY.

Rolling and tossing upon the deep,
We hold our onward way ;
And as across the sea we sweep
Forth from the night while watch we keep,
Breaks our Thanksgiving Day.

How shall we keep Thanksgiving Day
Far from the hearts we love ?
Into our faces leaps the spray,
Chill is the morning, pale and gray,
The fierce sky frowns above.

They keep Thanksgiving Day at home
With feasting and good cheer,
And they look out across the foam,
Thinking of absent ones that roam
Over the ocean drear.

How can we keep Thanksgiving Day
Out on the homeless sea,
Where no man builds, or dwells, but aye
Steadily sails away, away,
Wherever he may be ?

God of the harvest that our hands
Did neither sow nor reap,
We thank Thee that by Thy commands
Plenty reigns in the heart-loved lands
Across the surging deep.

God of the land and sea, abide
 With us who sail the main,
Over the billows wild and wide,
Undismayed may our vessel ride
 And bring us home again.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

Thanksgiving Day is grandma's day,
The day she loves the best,
When all her brood come back to her
And fill the dear home nest ;
But Christmas is the children's day
With all its gifts of love ;
This day the Christ-child came to earth
From His blest home above.

Thanksgiving Day is grandma's day,
It brings her sweetest joys ;
It brings her greetings true and fond
From all her girls and boys ;
But Christmas is the children's day,
Where'er a child may be.
God bless the children as they meet
Around the Christmas tree !

HELPING SANTA CLAUS.

“Good Santa Claus has lots to do,—
So many girls and boys
As he must visit Christmas eve,
And bring them all new toys !
I do n’t see how he goes so far
In just one single night,
Nor how he thinks of every child,
And gets the presents right.

“We ’re going to help him, Dot and I.
You see, there ’s little Joe
That lives ’way off an awful ways
For Santa Claus to go,
And mamma says if we should take
Some playthings that we ’ve got
And carry them to Joe ourselves
’T would really help a lot.

“And so tomorrow—do n’t you tell ;
We want to keep it sly—
We ’re going to see poor little Joe—
Mamma, and Dot and I.
And, oh ! won’t Santa Claus be pleased
To see what we ’re about !
For mamma says he always knows
When people help him out.”

SANTA'S STOCKING.

“ Dear old Santa Claus ! Every year
He fills up my stocking for me.
He brings me just the loveliest things,—
I wish you could come and see !
But while he 's filling our stockings up,
All night by the starlight dim,
Do you s'pose little folks anywhere
Are filling up his for him ?

“ I don't know just where Santa Claus lives,
But I know what I can do ;
I'll hang a stocking-full here, and write,
' Dear Santa, this is for you.'
And when he brings my presents to me
He'll see this here by the shelf ;
And won't he be surprised when he finds
A stocking-full for himself ! ”

PATRIOTIC.

“ Which would you like best, little Boy Blue,
Your stocking filled, or your half-worn shoe—
Our way, or the way Dutch people do ? ”

“ Oh, fill my stocking for me ! ” he said,
My roguish lad with the curly head ;
“ I ’ll hang it up when I go to bed. ”

“ You like American ways, I see. ”
“ Oh, yes, American ways for me—
My stocking will hold the most ! ” said he.

KITTY AND I.

In summer we love to skip and play,
Kitty and I.

Under the beautiful sky all day
We frolic together, glad and gay,
Up and down, and across and away,
Kitty and I.

But now, when the winter's snow lies deep,
Kitty and I
Into a nook by the fireside creep,
And there we curl up into a heap,
And lie so still that we fall asleep,
Kitty and I.

LINES WRITTEN FOR OLD HOME DAY.

READ AT WENTWORTH, AUGUST 20, 1903, AND RE-
READ AUGUST 25, 1904.

I.

“’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there ’s no place like home.”
Be that home in a vale, on a plain, on a hill,
By lakeside, or ocean, or murmuring rill,
The heart will still long for the pleasures of yore,
And yearn to revisit the old home once more ;
And among the old scenes, ’neath Heaven’s blue
dome,
How soft falls the whisper, “ There ’s no place like
home.”

II.

’Mid pleasures, though many a pleasure we’ve known,
The pleasures of youth we have never outgrown.
The pranks of our school days we laugh over yet ;
Our huskings and paring bees can we forget ?
And picnics and parties, what pleasure they gave
To maids that were fair and youths that were brave,
In the jolly old days when we cared not to roam
Beyond the blue hills that encircled our home !

III.

'Mid palaces, beautiful though they may be,
The cot of our forefathers still we can see.
No temple is purer in lands far away
Than the white village church where we gathered to
 pray ;
No college is fairer, whatever its plan,
Than the schoolhouse low where our learning began ;
No castle can tell us a legend more sweet
Than the old sugar camp in its maple retreat.

IV.

“'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.”
And what homes are happier, near or afar,
Than these homes between Mt. Cube and Mt. Carr,
Where singing all summer its beautiful song
Our fair Baker's river goes winding along
Past emerald meadows of grass and of corn
That sparkle with dew in the light of the morn ?

V.

Good, sturdy old Wentworth with love and with
 pride
Has called back her children once more to her side.
She looks in your faces and to you would say,
“O children of mine that have wandered away,

Should riches and honors and pleasures allure
You again from the arms that would hold you
secure,
'Mid pleasures and palaces though you may roam,
Forget not old Wentworth, for Wentworth is home !”



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